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NOTICE.

Subscribers finding the figure 3 after their name will bear in mind that their term will expire at the end of the present month. Early remittances are desirable, as there is then no loss of any numbers by the stopping of the paper.

THE LATE KING OF ITALY.

There are very few kings who require much persuasion to accept a crown. Victor Emmanuel II., the late King of Italy, was one of these. But the circumstances were most peculiar. His father was Charles Albert, King of Savoy, whose kingdom was a very small one lying at the foot of the Alps on the French side. For many years it had been a dependence on the German Crown. Savoy under Charles Albert grew to be very ambitious, and managed to gain possession of Piedmont on the other side of the Alps, and the King began to entertain the idea of the union of all Italy under one crown. About this time, in 1848, the Italians broke out into rebellion against the Austrians, who held the country under tribute; Charles Albert put himself at the head of the movement, and was called "The sword of Italy." His eldest son, Victor Emmanuel, was given command of a brigade and at the battle of Goito, when the Italians were defeated, was wounded in the thigh.

The next year the war was renewed, and Charles Albert was again defeated at Novara. On the evening of the battle the King, heart-broken at the disastrous result of his efforts in favor of Italian unity, returned to the Bekini palace, and summoned to him his sons, Victor Emmanuel and the Duke of Genoa, and the Generals of his army. When they had assembled, he, entering the room where they were, said:—"Gentlemen, fortune has betrayed your courage and my hopes; our army is dissolved; it would be impossible to prolong the struggle. My task is accomplished, and I think I shall render an important service to my country by giving a last proof of devotedness in abdicating in favor of my son, Victor Emmanuel, Duke of Savoy. He will obtain from Austria conditions of peace which she would refuse if treating with me." This evidence of his self-sacrificing love for his country moved those present to tears, and they endeavored to persuade him to remain their king. But his purpose continued unshaken, and he voluntarily exiled himself to Portugal, where he grieved himself to death, dying the same year.

Victor Emmanuel thus became King of Savoy, then shortly after by an alliance with France defeated Austria and gained other provinces in Italy, and principally through Garibaldi's exertions became at last king of United Italy, in the year 1871 when through the Franco-Prussian war the French troops were withdrawn from Rome. In January last Victor Emmanuel died, and his son, Humbert I., now reigns in his stead.

THE FIRESIDE AND THE FURNACE.

BY REV. GEO. M. BOYNTON.

The fireside of our fathers was the centre of family life. But the furnace! who ever saw a modern city family gathered for cheer around the black registered hole in floor or wall, through which comes in the rush of (we confess it) comfortable warmth. The stove, which was the link between the two, had at least this advantage, that you could gather around it, though the black monument was not a very attractive centre. But who can gather around the furnace in the cellar, or the register in the floor, except as shivering mariners put into inhospitable harbors in stress of weather.

Over against the centripetal attractions of the fireside is the centrifugal, dispersive power of the furnace. It breaks up the family. It sends each off to equally comfortable apartments. There is no living-room: why, the name is almost disreputable nowadays; it suggests poverty and a flavor of stale dinners. Father and mother have their little sitting-room, just off their bedroom, where they sit, cosily or not as they chance to make it, together. And the boys and girls, each humoring their separate and selfish tastes, are in their cells; elegant and charming cells they may be, but still not together. Mary is at some elaborate worsted-work, and cannot count the stitches in the midst of general conversation. Fanny has just come to the most delightful chapter of the last new novel, where the rakish Henrico is just on the verge of proposing to the stylish Estella. Bill and Jack are in their quarters, playing cards and betting dimes. And the little ones—why, nurse has care of them in the nursery.

It is the evil of this dispersion of the household through the house, which is the gravest effect in our estimation of the replacing of the fireside by the furnace. It is a promoter of selfishness. God setteth the solitary in families; but the furnace separates the family into solitariness. The truest life of the family is when the old and the young mix and mingle most freely in their recreations and their restings. So the old keep young, and the young catch a little of the steadiness of age; age forgets its cares, and youth is kept within the limits which experience has found to be wise and needful.

THE LATE VICTOR EMMANUEL II.

While, then, we would not advise the removal of the furnace, we urge on all to whom it is a possibility, for its social and moral effect, to have somewhere—in the room where the family may most easily be gathered—the magnet of an open fire. That old heathen idol-maker, of whom Isaiah writes, knew what he was about when he said, "Aha, I am warm, *I have seen the fire.*" A grate of coals is good, if that is the best thing you can get—a fire-place is better. It need not be as wide and deep as they used to make them fifty years ago; only a place where a few hickory sticks may blaze for a little with fantastic flame, and glow at you with meditative mirth through the long evening. It will have magical effect. The cells will be deserted. The family circle will be formed again. Fathers and sons will be loath to desert the fireside for the club-room or the billard-hall. All good things will grow under its stimulating warmth. The "dear familiar habit of living together," which constitutes the family, will be resumed.

The conclusion of the matter is: if you must have a furnace, have a fireside too.—*Christian Weekly.*

CHILDREN'S LITERATURE.—Blessed be the man who discovered children. He was greater than Columbus. The navigator found a continent, the later explorer opened the way to the Child-world. Of course, there were boys and girls before his day; in fact, nobody knows precisely when children appeared, but their discovery was quite a modern event, a *thing of this day and generation. The strange* part of this is that, though there had been children since the world began, they had not been really known, and the Child-world was an unexplored country dimly visible to the hearts of a few wisely foolish mothers. And now, the grown-up world having been introduced to the younger world, having mapped its misty coasts and plotted its hills of difficulty, its rivers of ease—there is a great interest manifested in it, and the little people who dwell there have seen marvellous things done for them and their country. To tell all that has been done for children since they were discovered would fill a book. Even the science of child-life is interesting, but the art and literature that have sprung up since the way to the Child-world was opened are of still more interest. When it was discovered that children needed a literature, efforts were made to produce it from such materials as were at hand. At first it inclined to the merely "goodish" and dull, and then slowly grew brighter and more natural. The first attempts were failures. The writers talked over the heads of the readers and wearied them, or they talked down to them and offended them. Bad books, of course, sprang up after a while, and the "penny dreadful" newspaper flourished mightily. Still, as time went on, good and true men and loving women began to learn that no man is too wise or good to teach a child, and sweet, bright and instructive books that were neither goody nor vicious appeared. Only when it came to be understood that children are *but younger men and women, only* when the author became as a little child, could he enter into the kingdom of children's hearts. Art became recognized as peculiarly the child's friend and teacher, and joined to a newer and fairer literature it produced books and papers the like of which the Child-world had never seen.—*St. Nicholas.*

—*The Sunday-School Times* argues at length that the superintendent should make preparation for the prayer he is to offer at the opening of the school: "No man who knows in advance that he is to lead others in prayer has a right to neglect preparation for this service. In his closet he may pour out his soul as freely and spontaneously as he pleases; even in the social prayer-meeting he may sometimes let his heart give unrestrained expression to its feelings and desires, without impropriety; but if he is to be a leader in worship, if he is to represent others in prayer, it behooves him to carefully consider those for whom he speaks and to prepare himself to give fitting utterance to their prayers and praises. He has no right to expect to be inspired of the Holy Spirit in this service if he neglects all needful preparation, any more than he is entitled to suppose that he can teach or preach through inspiration without preliminary study. The men who sneer at 'book learning' for preachers, or who prate of the inspiration of their off-hand prayers, are not those whose preaching is edifying or whose prayers are peculiarly devotional and inspiriting."

ST GEORGE QUE

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Temperance Department.

WHAT A "LITTLE RED-RIBBON" DID.

BY ERNEST GILMORE.

"Let the lower lights be burning!
Send a gleam across the wave!
Some poor fainting, struggling seaman
You may rescue, you may save."

It was a Red-Ribbon meeting, and as this familiar hymn rolled out touchingly and powerfully upon the evening breeze little Meg Thomson moved slowly, painfully into the warm well-lighted hall—slowly because of the surging crowd, painfully because her little lame limb was not equal to the pressure upon it. Her little cheeks were wofully thin and touchingly pale; her white teeth appeared through the half-closed lips, that were drawn and wasted, and her eyes had not the remotest shadow of childhood's care free sunniness, but instead were full of wonder—wonder at the great crowd of people, wonder at the great brilliant room, wonder whether she would be put out, and she looked down at her rags, and pulled the old shawl closer about her; wonder also at what the beautiful song meant.

"Where are the lower lights?" thought Meg; "I only see upper lights, great dancing chandeliers. If there were any how could they send their gleam across the wave, for the ocean is 'way over t'other side of the city. '*You may rescue, you may save*,'—what did it mean? I wish *I* could save somebody, oh! I do."

But the sweet hymn ceased and a speaker arose, an old man. The spectators were hushed into silence, and all eyes fastened upon the white-haired man. His face was furrowed with deep seams, his eyes gray, restless, piercing yet tender. His thin lips were compressed, and his withered cheeks flushed painfully as he essayed to word his thoughts. He looked steadily over the audience and began in a low voice, which gradually arose until a depth of thrilling sweetness and pathos was gained which held the hearers spell-bound. The melting tenderness of his tremulous tones riveted every heart, and when his aged form leaned forward and the thin hands clasped and the kindling eyes looked heavenward, and the voice broke forth in solemn invocation, the climax was reached.

He continued his prayer for a few moments and then the singularly sweet and powerful voice broke forth with irresistible appeals to the audience to sign the pledge and choose the narrow path. There was a magnetism in his inspired eloquence which caused stony hearts to melt and tremble, and when he finished there was a rush for the platform. Ladies richly clad side by side with poverty plainness, men in glossy broadcloths and old topers in rags, all hurried up the aisles together.

Meg wondered what was the matter; finally, singling out a poorly-dressed, weeping woman, she ventured to enquire of her.

"Why, child, they're siguin' the pledge."

"For what, ma'am?"

"That they'll never drink again, never be drunkards." And the woman shuddered.

"But ma'am, those beautiful ladies an't drunkards?"

"No, child; but they help to save others by promising never to touch the vile stuff."

"I wish I could sign; I'd like to save others."

"You can, child; go up and write your name."

Meg hesitated; she did not see another person like herself, no one else with ragged dress and toeless shoes.

"Have you a father, child?"

"Yes, ma'am," with a long-drawn sigh.

The poor woman understood, and added: "Go up, child, and mebbe you can *save him*."

Meg went, edged along slowly with the crowd. The patriarchal man still stood beside the pledge, looking with an expression of mingled sadness and smiles into the face of every signer. As Meg advanced and wrote her name tremblingly he laid his hand (as if conscious that she was a drunkard's child) upon the bowed head and whispered: "God bless you, child, and may *you* save some poor seaman."

Meg passed on with a fresh red ribbon decorating her button-hole, or rather her faded shawl, for her button-holes were all torn out. Poor child! she understood now what the hymn meant. "Oh! if she only could save her father."

The enthusiastic assembly dispersed. Many rolled off in their carriages to luxurious homes; others, warmly clad, walked briskly through the broad thoroughfares, unheeding the cold blast which swept past them but could not wound them; but little Meg shivered as she turned from the bright street, and went as swiftly as her little lame limb would allow down deserted avenues, until she reached one where lamp-lights gleamed pale and sickly, and at last limped down an alley where impenetrable darkness rested like death's pall.

As Meg advanced she came to a low saloon where a feeble light issued through a filthy pane. She went closer and peered into the window, which was broken and stuffed with dirty rags and ragged hats. She opened the door and glided stealthily in with lips apart and colorless as white marble, for Meg had never been inside the den before. Red and watery eyes stared at the trembling child as she limped across the room and stood behind the ricketty chair of Dick Thomson. His face was grossly red and his black hair long and matted, while pushed upon the back of his head was a hat with torn crown and distorted brim. His cheeks were swollen and his long hands grimy, while his fagged-out pants were a fit accompaniment to his looks.

"Father, come home, please." And the little cold hands touched his hot ones.

"Home (hic)—home, where is 'em?"

"Come, father," plead the little voice.

"Well, well, Meg, father'll come (hic). He's out 'o stamps, Meg; he (hic) better go home"

Meg led him to the door and held him tight as he reeled along in the darkness. Narrower grew the foul alley, the miasma of pestilent fumes flaunting its polluting breath over drunkard and drunkard's child, until it dwindled down to space scarce wide enough to admit them. Here they enter the crazy structure which Meg calls home. How it shook as the gusty winds blew fiercely! The shattered outside door stood open, and they entered the desolate hall and stumbled along until they came to their own shelter at the back of the ghastly tenement.

Oh! the desolation brooding over this abode of drunkenness; not a coal in the broken stove, not a single article of furniture save an old three-legged table, no light save the pitying moonbeam peeping through the one dingy pane. Meg leads her father to the heap of rags she dignifies with the name of bed and helps him down, where he soon falls into the inebriate's heavy sleep.

Hark! a sound from another corner; upon the musty straw a boy of six is sitting. He speaks in a husky whisper:

"Meg, dear Meg, give me something to eat—only one mouthful."

"Hush, Dickie, poor Dickie," said Meg, hastening to the starving child; "I've got something for you, but don't make a noise or you'll wake him."

And here I must record a deed which may bring a blush to many who think they are making great sacrifices. Little Meg had not had one mouthful that day, and yet from her pocket she drew forth a sandwich which she had picked up in the street, thrown there probably by some well-fed school-child, for the lean had been nearly eaten away and only the fat was left between layers of dirt-sprinkled bread. But oh! how good it tasted to the boy, upon whose baby features hunger had written with his gaunt fingers enough to pierce the heart of the hardest looker-on.

Meg took off her old shawl and tucked it all about Dickie, and then lay down beside him, and soon, in spite of hunger, cold and sorrow, fell asleep.

Early morning found her awake and thoughtfully looking at her red ribbon and at her sleeping brother.

"What can I do?" she thought. "I could make coffee, but I have no money to buy it with, or fire to cook it."

But poor forsaken Meg knew the Friend above all others; her broken-hearted Christian mother had taught her how to pray, and her last words had been: "Meet me in heaven, Maggie darling, and bring father and little Dick." And now from the pinched lips issued forth: "O God! help a poor child save her father." Even in that curtainless and carpetless room God heard and answered the sorrowful little petition.

"Meg!" called Dick Thomson; "here, girl, take this jug and get some liquor."

"I have no money, father."

"Get trusted, Meg, there's a good girl."

"I'll get something, father; just wait a few minutes." And Meg's face brightened as she ran out.

God had answered by putting a bright thought into the child's brain. Yesterday she had seen Biddy, Mrs. McCain's servant, leaving her house with a big bundle. She concluded Mrs. McCain must be without a maid-of-all-work. Meg's plans were laid. Mrs. McCain kept boarders. This morning she had told her husband that "she felt ready to fly, without a soul to take a step," and as she hurriedly prepared breakfast with lowering brow a low tap at the door summoned her.

"Meg Thomson, what do you want?"

"Mrs. McCain, I saw you have on a red ribbon last night and here's mine (uncovering her shawl,) and I want to save my father. He's awake and calling for liquor, but, Mrs. McCain, will you please give me some coffee? I don't beg it, ma'am; I'll come in an hour's time and work to pay for it."

Mrs. McCain said not a word; instead, her eyes filled with tears. "To see that poor starved child wanting to save her father!" she told her husband.

"Here, Meg," she said, "is a small pail; I will fill it with hot coffee; and here, child, is a tin of baked potatoes and a bowl of ham gravy. Run along now, and be sure to be here to help me."

"O father! here's something good for you," said Meg, entering the squalid room.

"Why didn't you take the jug for the rum, Meg?"

"But, dear father, it isn't rum; it's good hot coffee with milk in it." And Meg poured some out into the cracked cup and passed it to the haggard man.

He raised his hand to push it off, but the aroma had reached his nostrils, and he growled: "Well, give it here, Meg." And he swallowed it as if suffering from thirst.

"It is good, Meg, real good; give me some more."

Meg poured out another cup, and still another, until her father gently said: "Take some yourself, Meg; you are a good girl—a good girl."

It was worth a good deal to see Dick's face and hear his voice when Meg kissed his pale face and whispered: "Dickie, darlin', wake up and have some hot baked potatoes and ham gravy and coffee."

"Oh Meg! dear Meg, hot baked potatoes and gravy. Oh! my; are we in heaven, Meg?"

Only a few minutes and the dishes were as clean "as if a cat had licked 'em"; so said Dick with a smile, the first smile on the poor little face for many days.

"Meg, girl, I'll go out a while and take the air," said her father, rising with difficulty and speaking with a strange, husky voice.

"But, father—please, father, be back to dinner."

"Dinner, Meg? Where's your dinner?"

"I'll have some, father. Will you come?" And the round eyes filled with tears, which she bravely kept from falling.

"Yes, Meg, poor Meg, father'll be back."

Meg went to Mrs. McCain's, washed the dishes, and, under directions, washed the floor, swept the walks, &c., and her work so pleased the woman that she not only gave her a shining dime, but a pail of cold coffee and a tin of good beef-soup, and, best of all, engaged her to come daily and help her.

Happy little Meg, in spite of lameness and poverty, for would she not "save father!"

She hurried home, deposited her things on the broken stove, and, leaving Dick in charge, hurried to a neighboring coal-house and bought a little charcoal to heat her soup and coffee. She then built a fire, and with Dick's help pulled out the forlorn table and spread a newspaper over it for a table-cloth. I think, little reader, your appetite would have failed you could you have seen that table, but it was so new and delightful to Meg to have something to eat and a fire that she clapped her hands, and Dick followed her example.

"Now Dickie, darlin', I'll sing you the hymn they sang last night. I can't remember all, but this was the chorus:

"'Let the lower lights be burning—'"

The door softly opened, and old Dick stepped in and stood quite still. The red ribbon on Meg's shoulder caught his eye, the steaming soup and bubbling coffee; he understood it all.

"Meg," he stammered, "God bless you, child; you've sent a beam across the wave, sure enough; you've saved father, your old miserable father, Meg."

"Oh father!" But the poor child broke down and sobbed aloud.

Shall we go on and tell the rest—how the day star arose and all grew bright, how Richard Thompson labored for and rejoiced in his plump-grown Dickie and his brave, blessed little Red Ribbon girl?—*Temperance Advocate.*

USE OF OPIUM IN MAINE.

Dr. M. L. Holbrook—Dear Sir:—I have just received your note of the 26th ult., enclosing the following sentiment:

"Prohibitionists may learn something about a new phase of the laws which they promote by the announcement that the practice of opium-eating has increased enormously in Maine, and that more morphine is sold in that State than in any other in the Union in proportion to its population. This is owing to the enforcement of the Liquor law."

You ask me what the facts are. This story is an old one, and has been going the rounds of the anti-temperance press for several years. There is not a word of truth in it; it is a lie made entirely out of whole cloth, as the slang phrase is.

The drinkers of alcohol never resort to opium as a substitute. The habit of opium-eating is usually the result of the medical prescription of that dangerous and pernicious drug. The friends of grog-shops resort to all sorts of falsehoods to make an impression unfavorable to prohibition. Here in Portland, it is often falsely said by such people that the Maine Law has driven a vast amount of business out of the State, never to return. And at other times the same persons will declare that the Maine Law is a complete failure; that there is as much liquor sold and drank in Maine as ever there was. This latter falsehood is the most frequently repeated, and it is no more shameless than that which you send me in the slip about opium-eating in Maine. We used to have many distilleries and breweries in this State; now not one,—all are suppressed by the law. We used to have cargoes and cargoes of West India rum imported into the State, now not a single puncheon. Half a million dollars will cover the cost of all the liquor smuggled into the State and sold surreptitiously, while our share of the United States drink-bill would be $13,000,000, and we used to consume our full share, and more.

In 1866, half Portland was burned down, destroying $10,000,000, and notwithstanding that, our valuation has been constantly increasing—while the valuation of New York has run down $12,500,000 the last year, and $100,000,000 the last five years. The valuation of Boston ran down, also, more than $8,000,000 the last year. Free rum in New York and in Boston; but the valuation of Portland, under prohibition to the grog-shops, increased $480,000 the last year, and business here now is as good as at any time in the history of the town. Every year we save more than $12,500,000, which would be wasted in rum but for the Maine Law. After the experience of the result of prohibition in Maine of more than 26 years, the Maine Law is now supported by both political parties and by an overwhelming public opinion. At the last session of our Legislature, January, 1877, an additional act of greater stringency than any which preceded it, was passed without a dissenting vote in either House, and is thoroughly supported by the popular voice. This would be impossible, were the results of prohibition other than favorable to the highest interests of the State and people.

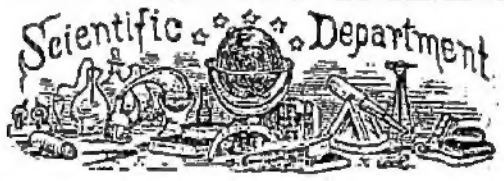
Truly yours, NEAL DOW.

Portland Maine, Nov. 27, 1877.

—*Herald of Health.*

SIXTY THOUSAND A YEAR.—Fortunately for their patients, says the *Western Morning News* (Dec. 22), doctors are awaking to another matter of great importance to the community—the mischief which the profession has long wrought by prescribing alcohol. The correspondence on this subject has been continued in the medical journals for many weeks, and there has been an overwhelming preponderance of arguments and advocates in favor of abstinence. Dr. Ridge has a most admirable letter in the last number of the *British Medical Journal*, in which he points out that "there is something in the nature of alcohol and something in the nature of man which render universal moderation impossible, unless one of these two factors be radically changed. Good houses, for all, well cooked food, universal refinement and education, high moral tone, &c., may be universally attained in the course of a few thousand years; but why are we to expect that even then drunkenness will be unknown when we see some who possess all these to an eminent degree, and sometimes deep religious feeling into the bargain, succumb to the insidious influence of alcohol?" I always think when I hear the advocates of free drunkenness bid us wait for the improving effect of education, that they are very ignorant not to know that some of the finest, and most cultured intellects have been ruined by alcohol, and very cruel not to think of all the bodies and souls that will be destroyed before this panacea of education will effect its supposed cure. Twenty years hence all England may be properly educated, but meanwhile what about the 60,000 victims whom drink claims every year? Is nothing to be done for them? The *Lancet* in its last number attempts to sum up the controversy in a leading article, and declares in favor of moderation rather than abstinence, yet in this very article it says, "The drinking habits of young men in the present day are appalling, and threaten physical as well as moral deterioration of our race." The *Lancet* calls upon the young man to be "moderate," which is like asking a fire not to burn.

—A few weeks ago a poor negro went to Princeton, a whiskey-selling town, and, as is reported and believed, purchased whiskey of a man who "belongs to the church," on which he got roaring drunk; and, after getting home in this sadly helpless plight, fell into the fire and burned to death. Who is responsible? Shall we answer? That man who prays to the Lord on the Sabbath day and then preys on the people during the week. May God have mercy on his poor soul!—*Star of Hope.*



PHOSPHORESCENT FISH-SKINS.

In a fearful battle with the Picts, Alpine, King of the Scots, lost his life; and his head, after being carried through the army of the enemy upon a long pole, was set up on the walls of Abernethy, the capital of the Picts. Kenneth, the son of Alpine, who succeeded his father about the year 834, according to the best authorities, could not prevail upon his people to attack the Picts again. All his arguments were of no avail, his soldiers pleaded want of rest and time to recruit their strength and spirits after so dreadful a defeat. So two years elapsed without any hostilities between the two nations, for the Picts had also suffered severely, and dissensions had broken out among them. At length, King Kenneth, impatient of this delay, called an assembly of all the nobility of his kingdom, and when he found his arguments failed to persuade them to declare war, he invited them to an entertainment, which he prolonged till midnight, and then persuaded them to go to rest in his great hall, according to the manners of those times.

Now we have it on no less an authority than the eminent historian, Dr. Henry, that the following extraordinary scene occurred during the night. When the whole company were composed to rest, a person instructed and prepared by the King entered the hall. He was clothed in the skins of a dead fish, which shone in the dark and, speaking through a trumpet, commanded them to obey their King by declaring war against the Picts, and promised them success and victory. Roused from their sleep by these tremendous sounds, and startled by the shining figure which they beheld, they hastened to acquaint King Kenneth with the "supernatural admonition," and expressed the greatest ardor for war.

The report of this wonderful apparition flew like lightning over the whole kingdom; the effect was such that Kenneth soon found himself at the head of a numerous army, and it ended in his routing the Picts, taking possession of their kingdom, which he united to his own dominions, and "thereby became the first monarch of all Scotland about the year 842."

In this little episode we have one of the most ancient recorded cases of phosphorescence with which I am acquainted. Its practical effect shows with what interest men's minds have always fixed upon strange emissions of light in the dark—upon all kinds of mysterious phenomena which, being at the time wholly inexplicable, verge upon the supernatural.—*Dr. Phipson.*

WILL-O'-THE-WISPS.

Dr. Weissemborn says: "In the year 1818 I was fortunate enough to get a fine view of the *ignes fatui*. . . I was then at Schepfenthul, in the Duchy of Gotha; and one clear November night, between eleven and twelve o'clock, when I had just undressed, the bright moonshine allured me to the window to survey the expanse of boggy meadows, which spread two or three English miles in length, a quarter of a mile from the foot of the hillock on which the house stands. . . My intimate acquaintance with the locality, together with the bright moonlight, enabled me to judge of the position and direction of the luminous phenomenon, the display of which I saw as soon as I had posted myself at the window. I perceived a number of reddish-yellow flames on different parts of the expanse of almost level ground. I descried, perhaps, no more than six at a time, but dying away and appearing in other places so rapidly that it was impossible to count them. On a rough calculation there were about twenty or twenty-five within a second. Some were small and burned dimly; others flashed with a bright flame in a direction almost parallel to the ground, and coinciding with that of the wind, which was rather brisk. After having looked with amazement at the brilliant scene as a whole, I tried to study its details, and soon found that the flames which were nearest originated in a quagmire by a solitary cluster of willows. The succession of flames lay always in the same straight line, and in the direction of the wind. . . After about an hour a mist began to overspread the meadows; but I saw the lights still glimmering through it, whilst I dressed myself in order to examine the phenomenon in its laboratory. However, when I reached the meadows, the atmospheric conditions which gave rise to the *ignes fatui* had ceased to exist."

Major Blesson has given, in the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal* for January, 1833, another interesting account of a Will-o-the-wisp, which he observed, for the first time in life, in a valley of the forest of Gorbitz, which covers part of Brandenburg. This valley is of an argillaceous and marshy nature; the water of the morass is ferruginous and covered with a film of iridescent matter. During the day bubbles of gas are observed to rise in the water, and at night flames appear to escape from its surface.

Suspecting that there existed some connection between the flames and the bubbles of air, Major Blesson marked the place where they occurred, and, returning in the evening, he perceived their flames of a violet-blue tint, which receded as he approached them, so that he could not get near enough to examine them minutely. Several days of rain followed, which gave him time to reflect upon the phenomenon before he observed it again. He had no doubt, he tells us, that the flames were attributable to an inflammable gas, which burnt in the day-time as well as at night, but could only be seen in the evening when it was dark. As twilight came on, after the rain had ceased, he went again to the spot and awaited the appearance of the will-o'-the-wisp. As night approached, the flames became gradually visible; they appeared somewhat redder than before. When he advanced towards them they receded, as they had done on the previous occasion; but, feeling convinced that they would return to the place where he stood when the agitation of the air caused by his movements had ceased, he kept himself perfectly still, and the giddy lights returned gradually towards him. So close, indeed, were they at a certain moment that it occurred to him to ascertain if he could light a piece of paper by their aid. For some time the attempt was unsuccessful; he supposes that the current of air caused by his breathing was opposed to the experiment; but by turning his face aside, and with his handkerchief before his mouth, the paper soon became brown and covered with damp. At last, by taking a long narrow strip, he had the pleasure of seeing it take fire.

The phenomenon was, then, evidently owing to ignited gas. The author of these remarks completed his observations by driving away some of the flames until they were so far from the source of their combustion that they became extinguished; and he afterwards lit with a torch a number of little bubbles of gas as they escaped through the water in different parts of the morass.—*Dr. Phipson's Familiar Letters.*

How to Cure Fogs.—Peltier's ingenious researches would lead us to believe that the very existence of a fog must depend upon its electrical state, at least as regards the great majority of fogs, and especially those which at certain intervals impede the commerce of large towns, such as London or Glasgow, through which flow considerable rivers. An electrometer plunged into such a fog often shows enough electricity to send a telegraphic despatch round the globe. If, after ascertaining the nature of this electricity, the fog could be supplied with a plentiful amount of opposite electricity, I have no doubt that it would be entirely dispersed in the course of a short time. As already stated, *electro-positive* fogs are the most common; moreover, they are generally wet fogs, whilst electro-negative fogs, being repelled by the constant electro-negative tension of the earth, do not affect the hydrometer or moisten objects on the earth's surface. In order to disperse the dense electro-positive London fogs, it would, therefore, be necessary to supply them with an abundant source of negative electricity, more quickly than the earth usually supplies it. In the present state of electrical science I imagine such a thing to be far from impossible. Electro-positive fogs which last for any length of time are not supplied fast enough with negative electricity. A quicker supply would bring them down as rain or dew in the course of a few hours. The London fogs owe much of their disagreeable dark colors and stifling sulphurous odor to their constant attraction of the electro-negative smoke of our chimneys. If by an appropriate apparatus adapted to fireplaces we could render this smoke electro-positive, like the fog, they would repel each other, and the dense London mists would thereby lose one of their worst qualities. But the same apparatus might serve alternately to render the smoke so highly electro-negative that it would very soon condense the fog as dew or rain.—*Dr. Phipson.*

One-Man Power.—In the "Manufacturer and Builder" we find an account of a mechanical device called "Bozerian's Barometer." It consists of a frame supporting a fly-wheel and pulley on an axis, with a crank between; on this crank a lever works, which is pushed down with one foot, upward with the other, also forward and backward with one or both hands. This lever also helps to steady the workman. The motion of the hands and arms serves to bring the crank over its centre, while the main power is produced by the man's weight, which he has only to lift as if going up-stairs, but with less fatigue. A speed of 30 revolutions per minute can easily be obtained in this way, developing a power of 2,400 to 4,000 foot-pounds. In the accompanying article it is stated that "a man working for eight hours on a crank furnishes very nearl a million foot-pounds, or, on an average, 40 foot-pounds per second, or not much more than 1-14th part of the conventional horse-power of 550 foot-pounds per second. It has also been found that if, instead of using the muscular power of his arms alone, a man uses his weight as on the wheel of a treadmill, he produces in eight hours a work of 1,728,000 foot-pounds, or 60 foot-pounds per second, or 1-9th part of a horse-power. It is therefore advantageous—and in this, mechanical engineers agree—to let the work of a man consist in simply elevating his body in all cases where this is practicable to apply it to the production of the desired effect." It would seem that a "barometer" of this description could be used to great advantage where a small steam-power is needed but cannot be afforded.

Writer's Cramp.—A good deal of suggestion is contained on this somewhat prevalent malady in a paper read by M. Bouilland before a meeting of the French Academy of Sciences, which gives an account of researches relative to lesions of the brain. In his former communications he demonstrated that the loss of speech was due to a malady of the third convolution of the left anterior lobe of that organ. He now goes further, and asserts that the three faculties which essentially distinguish man from other animals—speech, reading, and writing—are each controlled by separate portions of the brain. In his researches he discovered that the paralysis of one of those functions could exist without the others being affected, and he gives as an example a case in which he was called to a consultation on a young man whose avocation compelled him to write continually. At first the patient had felt a slight weakness in writing, then a great difficulty; and finally, an absolute loss of the faculty. The result of the closest examination could not detect any defect in the muscles of the arm or hand, the latter retaining all its sensitiveness and power for every other purpose than that of writing, and all his other functions being normal and in good condition. The conclusion arrived at was that the source of the infirmity must not be sought for in the external organs, but in the centre itself of nervous action—the brain. The young man was advised to learn to write with the left hand which he rapidly succeeded in doing. The defect from which he suffered had long been known as writer's cramp, just as the loss of speech was for centuries termed paralysis of the tongue. Both designations were equally erroneous, both being now attributed to maladies of certain portions of the brain.

—The *Christian World* of London says:—There are some things which are dear at any price. And most certainly amongst such must be reckoned so-called cheap black silks, which, it appears, are made to assume a thick, rich-corded, and lustrous appearance by being heavily weighted with dye. This is effected with so much skill by the Lyons manufacturers that few ladies, as we have reason to know, would be able to distinguish a good article from one thus fraudulently produced. The fibre of the inferior silk is exceedingly flimsy, but it is so loaded with *gelatinous* dye that it has all the appearance of a rich, strong tissue. The silk thus prepared, however, when subjected to the test of wearing, is almost at once cut and assumes a greasy look. Silk of pure dye which costs 8s per yard can be equalled in appearance by one at 4s. 7d. But the latter is weighted with a 30oz. dye. It is to be hoped that the exposure of this fraud will arrest the injury which must result to the silk trade if it continues. Our lady friends must beware of the puffing advertisers who offer silk dresses at a low figure or they will buy dye instead of silk. It is also well to add that the trade in these silks is not confined to inferior houses. The temptation to make 50 per cent. profit seems to be great for even respectable merchants to withstand.

The Blue of the Sky.—The color of the sky is said to be due to the transmission of rays of light through a cloud of dust which collects above the earth. Professor Nordenskiold examined the snow which covered the icebergs as far north as 80 deg., and found it strewn with a multitude of minute black particles, spread over the surface, or situated at the bottom of little pits, a great number of which were seen on the outward layer of snow. Many of such particles were also lodged in the inferior strata. This dust, which became grey on drying, contained a large proportion of metallic particles attracted by the magnet, and capable of decomposing sulphate of copper. An observation made a little later upon other icebergs proved the presence of similar dust in a layer of granular crystalline snow, situated beneath another stratum of light, fresh-hardened snow. Upon analysis, this matter was found to be composed of metallic iron, phosphorus, cobalt, and fragments of diatomaceæ. It bears the greatest analogy to the dust previously collected by the Professor on the snows of Greenland, and described by him under the name of "kryokonite."

—It sometimes happens that topical treatment of the throat is required for young children. The little patient cannot gargle, and the brush or spray fills them with terror. It has been suggested to apply the remedy in the form of ice. Although the frozen pellets are not so tasteless as pure ice, the flavor is so much lessened by the low temperature, and probably also through the parched tongue not appreciating anything disagreeable, that the children take them without complaint. The process of freezing the mixture is very simple. A large test-tube, immersed in a mixture of pounded ice and salt, is the only apparatus required, and in this the solution is easily frozen. When quite solid, a momentary dip of the tube in hot water enables one to turn out the cylinder of ice. Any one of the three following formulæ may be tried:—1. Sulphurous acid, ½ drachm; water, 7½ drachms—mix and freeze. 2. Chlorate of potash, 1 scruple; water, 1 ounce—dissolve and freeze. 3. Solution of chlorinated soda, ½ drachm; water, 1 ounce—mix and freeze.

—The drinks and tonics so extensively sold as bitters are, as a rule, more pernicious than the more well-known intoxicating beverages. They are generally made of poor liquor with some additional substance to float the product as a medicine. While ale and lager-beer contain but three or four per cent. of alcohol, a careful analysis has shown an average of thirty per cent. of the same in the compounds known as "bitters." A number could be named which approach or exceed fifty per cent. of alcohol. No doubt, as you say, multitudes are in daily use of these so-called medicinal tonics, little realizing how near they are to the verge of the horrible pit of the habitual thirst of the drunkard.

New Use of Sour Milk.—A new industry has been started in Mansfield, Mass. It is no less than the manufacture of jewellery out of sour milk. This seems a strange anomaly, but it is a fact. The milk comes in the shape of curd from butter and cheese making counties in New York, and looks upon its arrival a good deal like popped corn; but before it leaves the shop it undergoes a wonderful change, and receives the name of American coral. The secret in making it up is carefully guarded, but it is certain that it has to be heated very hot, during which coloring matter is introduced, followed by a very heavy pressure. Some of it is colored black and called jet, while some appears as celluloid. It makes very handsome jewellery, and is made into all kinds and styles known in the trade.

Invisible Ink for Postal Cards.—The *Deutsche Illustrirte Gewerbezeitung* proposes the use of what may be called "postal card ink," for messages which are sent on such cards or otherwise unsealed. A solution of nitrate or chloride of cobalt, or chloride of copper, mixed with a little gum or sugar, produces a "magic ink," which is made visible by warming, either by holding against the stove or over a burning match. Potassium ferrocyanide in solution may also be used; but this requires a developer, for which either copper or iron sulphate may be employed. With the former the writing will appear in brown, and with the latter in blue color.

—The *Chemical News*, London, warmly praises the exertions made by the local and general Governments of the United States for the advancement and diffusion of science, and calls especial attention to the fact that the Massachusetts Institute of Technology has provided special laboratories for the instruction of women in chemistry—analytical, industrial, and physiological; in botany, mineralogy, microscopic manipulation, &c. And it gives credit for the work done in this department by the ladies.

—Recent statistics show that the rate of mortality among grocers is 76 to 100 among the general population at equal ages, while the death-rate among drapers is 108 to 100 by the same standard. The difference lies in the mode of living. The grocer lives in a shop, the door of which is open the whole day, and he is very active in business; the draper, on the other hand, lives in a close place, with the doors of his shop closed, and in a dusty, close atmosphere.—Near-sightedness is spreading to an alarming extent among the young people of Germany and America.

—A correspondent in Iowa writes in regard to a hint as to the amount of glass which is contained in straw: "Very often immense straw-stacks are burned hereabout and in the remaining heap of ashes are found masses of a glass of various colors, from milky white, blue and green, to jet black; often it is quite clear. The same is found after the accidental burning of hay and wheat stacks. I have often heard the farmers speak of the finding of such masses, but express at the same time their wonder."

RAG AND TAG.

BY MRS. EDMUND WHITTAKER,

(Author of "Hilda and Hildebrand," "The Return from India," "Little Nellie," &c.)

CHAPTER II.—*Continued.*

Exactly at the end of the two hours the warehouseman returned. A look of satisfaction passed over his face when he saw how well the poor little waifs were doing the work he had given them.

"Well done, little ones, you've earned your breakfast; follow me."

Rag looked at Tag, and he looked at her; but it was evident they trusted their new friend, for after having given each other a knowing nod, they pattered down the long passage with their little bare feet after him, and soon arrived in a room almost as large as the one they had left, with gas-jets burning brightly on the walls, a great fire blazing, and a long narrow table covered with a clean white cloth, on which the remains of a breakfast stood. It was the room where those employed in the warehouse had their meals. The workpeople had finished their breakfast and gone back to their respective duties. So Tag and Rag were brought in by John Burton, the overseer of the place, to get some bread and butter and a hot cup of coffee. Poor little creatures! it was pitiful to see their great eyes stare and their thin hands clutch at the slices held out to them. After Tag had finished his first piece and swallowed half a cup of coffee, he astonished kind-hearted John by suddenly standing on his head, and walking towards him on his hands instead of his feet.

"Oh," said Rag, noticing his look of surprise, "Tag allus does like that when he's werry particklar 'appy; he'll turn 'ead over 'eels in another minit. He'll do it for nothin,' sir; he'll not ask for a copper; it's all along o' yer good coffee. Oh, I wishes as I could do somethin' to let you see how comfor'ble I feels. I'm as warm as warm; my feet are quite a-burnin'."

"I'm right glad to hear it, my little girl; but Tag, lad, stop that work. I don't care to see it. You'll send all your breakfast into your head. Look sharp and finish, for I want you back at the boxes again."

"I'se ready now, sir."

"An' so is I," said Rag.

"Then back you go to your work, off with you, and I'll follow and turn the key again. I shall not come back for four hours this time, so double the work should be done."

And double the work was done. Refreshed by their good breakfast, warmed by the gas, fire, and unwonted exercise, and cheered by the kindly voice of the warehouseman, they got on bravely. So busy were they, that they quite forgot to talk.

At last, after a silence of nearly half an hour, Rag broke it by saying, "Arter all, this is nicer than stealin'."

"It be, just," answered Tag, earnestly, and then they were silent again. It would have been a curious sight for any one passing to have seen the two miserable-looking, half-starved, less than half-clothed children working away so busily, sorting out the boxes so as to place them according to their sizes, filling the different shelves with them, and doing all as deftly and neatly as though they had been accustomed to it all their lives. The four hours passed wonderfully quickly, and when John Burton came in again, Rag in her eagerness ran to him, and taking hold of his hand, quite pulled him along to see the progress they had made.

"Pretty well, pretty well. I am glad to see you've not been idling; you've earned your dinner—come along."

"More to eat!" and Rag burst into a little merry laugh. "Oh, what 'ud the 'dreadfuls' say; they niver guv us so much as we had this mornin' in a whole week. Isn't it prime, Tag?"

John Burton brushed his hand across his eyes; then in a gruffer voice than he had yet spoken in said, "There, that will do; don't talk, but get your dinner."

The dinner consisted of a large bowl of hot soup, with potatoes in it—almost every drop of which was finished by the children; indeed, so much did they like it, that seeing a little still left on the sides of the basin, they began, like two little hungry dogs, to lick it off.

"Stop that, stop that; you must not be rude and ill-mannered, or off you go. I am keeping you here to try and reform you, and make you more like respectable children; eat and drink properly. Never do that again."

MRS. BURTON'S FIRST SIGHT OF RAG AND TAG.

Rag and Tag colored. "We allus did it with the 'dreadfuls,' but we won't do it here," said Tag.

"No, I expect you won't—at all events not when I'm in the room; now back to your work. Are you tired of it?"

"Not a bit, sir; we want to finish yer job to-night afore we go; don't we, Rag?"

Great tears came into Rag's eyes, and she said nothing.

"Why, little Rag," said John Burton, rather sadly, "are you tired already of being here, and would you prefer going back to your old life?"

"No I wouldn't; no I wouldn't. I prefers the box life; it wor 'cos' Tag said all that about goin' away to-night as made me cry. I'd like to stay with you allus, allus, an' 'ave some shoes on—good 'uns, not gimcracks; that's what I should like; it's werry cold for feets this weather, werry cold; ain't it, Tag?"

"Werry," said Tag, shaking his head gravely; "but this floor is nothin' so cold as the 'dreadfuls' floor; an' I'd like to stay an' work for you too, please, sir, if you'd 'ave us."

"Well, children, I must think of it. I don't know what I could do with you at nights. I——"

"There's the barril, sir," interrupted Rag, eagerly. "Tag an' I ud' manage in that."

The warehouseman smiled. "Well, well, I'll see. To your work now."

Tag and Rag had now made up their minds that nothing could be happier than to work hard in the warm box room, with plenty to eat and drink, and be always together. So on they sped at their new employment like two little steam-engines; and when John Burton returned, just as the large clock outside was striking five, he was really pleased.

"I am very fairly pleased with you, Tag and Rag, very fairly. You may follow me now to your tea."

On entering the room where they had been before, Rag's curiosity was aroused, and after she had possessed herself of the large bowl of hot tea and thick piece of bread and butter given to her by the warehouseman, she asked, pointing to the empty places,

"Please, sir, are there any more lill' boys an' gels like Tag an' me here?"

"Some little boys and girls there are here, but none like you and Tag."

The children's great eyes so clearly asked "Why?" that John Burton continued—"They are not like you and your brother, for they are all decently clothed and have good warm shoes and stockings on."

"Then if we stay here"—and Rag clapped her hands, whilst Tag stood on his head at the very idea—"we too shall have decen' clothes, an' shoes an' stockin's. My! we'd not know ourselves—should we, Tag?"

"But, little Rag"—and the warehouseman looked very grave—"I never promised that I would keep you here; in the first place, where would you live?"

"In this large place, shouldn't we?"

"But, Rag, this large place does not belong to me—I am only the head man here; so I could not let you live in this warehouse."

Poor children! how their thin, white little faces fell when they heard this!

"Then yer cannot give us work neither, if you bain't the guv'ner here." And Tag turned his face away.

"Yes," he replied, after a moment's pause, "I could give you work enough for you both to earn your living by; but where would you sleep? If you once left me to find a home of your own, you'd soon be back amongst the people you came from, and lie and steal again, and——"

"Have yer a wife, sir?" asked Rag, eagerly; "or any lill' children?"

"I have a wife, but no children," answered John Burton, sadly. "Why do you ask?"

"Oh, 'cos' I could be yer wife's lill' servant. I'd run her irrands, an' I'd clean up, an' I'd do anythin' as she wished; an' Tag would too—wouldn't yer, Tag?—it 'ud be betterer a deal than stealin' or beggin' or sweepin' crossin's. Do try us, sir."

"I have half a mind to try you, Rag; my missis has but poor health, and if she would take to you—. But come along—we will go and see her."

CHAPTER III.

Before he left, the warehouseman, holding a large lantern in his hand, went all round the premises, Rag and Tag following close behind him; he examined all the gas piping, saw all the lights were safely turned off, tried the fastening of the windows, the locks of the doors, and on finding everything to his satisfaction, he locked and double-locked the large door where the children first saw him standing; and then opening a small, thick, strong one at the end of the room, where Rag and Tag had their meals, he went out into the street; then drawing it to behind him, he took a great key from his pocket, and after slowly and surely turning the large bolt, he held out a hand to each child and walked quickly away. Not far though—only just up the passage where the barrel was lying, and which, by-the-by, had disappeared; then into a nice, clean, small court, very different looking from those Rag and Tag had ever seen before; and turning the handle of the first door he arrived at, he opened it, drew the children in, and closed it again. What a sight met their eyes! For the first time in their lives the poor little things saw, if not plenty, at all events comfort. A large fire blazing on a beautifully clean hearth, no ashes or cinders lying about, all tidied up, fire-irons so clean and bright you could see your face in them; a kettle humming and buzzing away on the hob; a table with a clean white cloth, all prepared for a good tea, drawn up in front of the fire; a bright gas lamp hanging from the ceiling; an arm-chair and a pair of slippers on one side of the hearth; some colored pictures on the walls. A large oak chest of drawers with an oak cupboard on the top, polished like a mirror and ornamented with brass knobs, was at the further end of the room; a solid-looking bookshelf opposite, well filled with books; two or three brightly-polished oak chairs to match with the chest of drawers were placed here and there against the wall; a large cuckoo-clock took up another corner; but what struck Rag and Tag more than anything was an oval mirror framed in gilt, hung just over the chimney-piece, in which they could see their thin, white, wearied-looking little faces. John Burton watched the children as they stared round the comfortable, cheery-looking room, and a kindly smile passed over his own face, followed by rather a troubled, puzzled look. Then he placed two chairs close by the fire, desired the children to sit down, bade them be perfectly quiet and still; then changed his coat and shoes, and after washing his hands and face, he bolted the house-door, and telling the children he would soon come back, went into an inner room on the same floor.

"John, John, is that thee at last. What has kept my husband so long to-night? I have been wearying for the sound of your step, but it's all bright now you are come. Are you tired?"

"Not tired, wife, exactly; but I fear your head is aching again."

"You would not have found me in this room, but waiting at the door watching for you, had it not been aching so badly that I was forced to lay me down; but I'm all right now and coming into the kitchen for tea. I have ever such a good tea for thee, John dear. I have been baking this afternoon; you must come and look at my loaves."

"In a minute, in a minute, wife. I have——"

"What?" interrupted the wife quickly; "are you not well? John, your face looks troubled—out with it, John; there's something on your mind, I see; and what's the use of us women if we cannot comfort and cheer the good, kind husbands, who are slaving all day to make things comfortable at home."

"Well, wife, God has blessed us very much, has He not?"

"Very much—very, very much. Do you remember a few years ago how poor we were?—no nice loaves like we are going to have to-night; it was often hard work scraping on, John, was it not?"

"It was, wife; and it makes one's heart ache for those who have to scrape now, even harder—aye, a good bit harder, than we had, my wife."

"Poor things, it do, John!" and Mrs. Burton's cheerful face grew grave for a moment; "but as we can't help them straight off this instant, suppose we go and get our nice hot tea?"

"Wait a minute, wife—just one minute. Suppose we could help them, and just at this very instant too, would you do it?"

"Surely, John, surely."

"Then, my wife"—and John opened the door and drew her into the kitchen—"will you help your old John to bring up these two poor little creatures for the Father in Heaven?"

On the warm hearthrug in front of the fire, lay Rag and Tag, wearied out with their day's work; and overcome by the unusual heat and comfort, they were sleeping soundly. Thin and wan as they looked in the daylight, they appeared still more so now; and the habitual look of suffering which the excitement of the day had chased from their faces whilst in the warehouse was settled there now. And as John pointed to the bruised and bleeding shoulders of little Rag, and the bony discolored hands and legs of her brother, all that was womanly and motherly rose up in Mrs. Burton's large heart, and kneeling on the floor to look more closely at the two, she kissed each of their thin white foreheads. A smile passed over Tag's face, asleep as he was, and he murmured, "All right, Rag, we'll stick to each other; I'se promised."

"Poor little creatures," and Mrs. Burton's tears fell fast. "John, it's just like you to have done this; where did you find them?"

"In the large sugar-barrel this morning, as I was opening the warehouse." And then John seated himself in his arm-chair, and told his wife how it all happened, and all that he knew about them. "Now," he added, "have I done right or wrong, wife? It's two more mouths to feed;" and he looked earnestly into her peaceful, elderly face.

"Oh, John my husband"—and she put her hand on his—"remember our Master's words: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these... ye have done it unto Me.' Only think what an honor, John, for poor unworthy creatures, to do something for the dear Lord who has done all for us."

For a moment John covered his face with his great hands, and when he looked up there were tears standing in his honest eyes.

"We will have our tea now, please, wife," he said gently; "but let these little ones sleep."

Whilst they were enjoying their cosy meal, John asked his wife what she thought would be the best thing to do with the children, and it was decided by good Mrs. Burton that the very best thing they could do would be first to have them made thoroughly clean, then some good warm clothes put on them, and give them some employment, and after that watch and see what they were fit for.

"Now, wife," said John, rising from his chair, "let me thank God for my good tea; and after I have helped you to clear away, I will just go out and see if I cannot buy a couple of pair of strong boots cheaply for them, and some stockings. We can afford it nicely, dear, can we not, out of our beer money? Fetch the bag, my wife."

From the depth of her very deep pocket Mrs. Burton drew forth a purse, and from one of its inner pockets produced a key which she fitted into a strong oak box on which the clock stood, and opening a drawer, so cunningly devised no one could have guessed there was a drawer in it, brought forth a goodly-looking fat leather bag, which she put into her husband's hands.

(*To be Continued.*)

—"Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass."—*The Wonders of Prayer.*

The Family Circle.

THE MOCKING-BIRD AND THE DONKEY.

(*From the Spanish of the Mexican Poet Jos Rosas.*)

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

A mock-bird in a village
  Had somehow gained the skill
To imitate the voices
  Of animals at will.

And singing in his prison,
  Once, at the close of day,
He gave with great precision
  The donkey's heavy bray.

Well pleased, the mock-bird's master
  Sent to the neighbors 'round,
And bade them come together
  To hear that curious sound.

They came, and all were talking
  In praise of what they heard,
And one delighted lady
  Would fain have bought the bird.

A donkey listened sadly,
  And said: "Confess I must
That these are shallow people,
  And terribly unjust.

"I'm bigger than the mock-bird,
  And better bray than he,
Yet not a soul has uttered
  A word in praise of me."

—*St. Nicholas.*

THE PARSON'S EXPERIMENT.

A district visitor relates in the *Sunday Magazine* the following incident concerning a clergyman who believes in the practical application of the law of love in preference to the law of the police court. The writer says:—

For clearness sake we will call our friend Mr B., and mention that he is a married man with a family. One afternoon his son, a little fellow about eight years of age, asked him for a shilling wherewith he wished to buy something by way of a birthday gift to a schoolmate. The shilling was given him, and he immediately set out in joyous haste to make his purchase, little dreaming of the adventure that awaited him. He had not gone very far when the shilling fell out of his hand and rolled down the grating of an area. As it happened in a respectable neighborhood, this in itself was not a particularly alarming occurrence to an intelligent, well-mannered boy. Ringing the bell of the house to which the area pertained, he politely explained matters to the servant who answered the door, and she at once descended to recover the shilling for him. She easily found it, and was just handing it up when, lo and behold, a burly figure stepped in between her and the boy, and a rough voice exclaimed, "That's my shilling; let's have it."

"No, sir, it is my shilling," said the boy.

"Why, what do you mean, you young varmint?" answered the intruder, affecting surprise and virtuous indignation; "I've just dropped it; my mates there seed me," and as he spoke he pointed to a man and two women of tramping appearance, who stood waiting for him a little in advance. "Come, let's have it," he repeated, and suiting the action to the word, he snapped the coin from the still upraised hand of the astonished servant and hastened to join his companions. To the child whose money he had thus seized, this ready-witted, prompt-acting spoiler must have seemed a fearsome-looking creature. He was big and rough of build, and determined of look; and his face as well as his clothing was dust-begrimed and travel-stained. A sheaf of split cane hanging slantwise across his shoulders stamped him as of the chair-caning profession, to which trade his two companions also belonged. Though fully impressed with the unpromising appearance of this man, the little fellow mustering up his courage, boldly followed him up, and with tears demanded restitution of his shilling. He was met, however, with fiercely uttered threats, under which he was quickly fain to retreat, weeping as he went for the loss of his money. On his road home he met a policeman, whose aid he invoked, but the official servant of the law took no notice of his complaint.

Of this last point he made a special grievance when, on reaching home, he proceeded to relate the woeful story of his misadventures to his father. The parent, to the child's astonishment, replied to him on this head, that he was very glad the policeman had not taken any notice of him; that he did not believe in policemen meddling with wrong-doers, at least, until every means which Christians should use had been tried. It would not be the best way to send the man to prison. "But we won't let the matter drop," he quickly added, seeing his son's look of disappointment, "you must have your shilling back, if possible, for several reasons; so come with me, and see if we can find this man."

So saying he put on his hat, took his child by the hand, and set out on what most people would have probably considered a wild-goose chase. But there was method in his apparent madness. He knew the ways of life prevailing among such itinerants as chair-caners, and from that knowledge reasoned—correctly, as the event proved—that the worthy trio concerned in "conveying" the shilling, concluding from there being *no immediate pursuit* that they had safely "bounced" the child out of the money, would not go far without proceeding to "melt" it in drink; and thus gave him a chance of catching them up. He was prepared to recognize them from his son's description of their dress and appearance, and he sighted them just as they were coming out of a public-house, wiping their mouths as they came.

Still holding his child by the hand, our parson friend stepped forward, and, confronting the astonished chair-caner, said—"You have taken a shilling from my little boy, here; give it back to him, please." The chair-mending gang consisted of two men and two women, of the ordinary hard-featured, slouching, drabby tramp look. The man, about *forty years of age*, weather-beaten, somewhat bloated, with grizzly beard, and altogether unpromising look, was evidently taken aback by such moderate language being addressed to him in so firm a tone. That such an accusation and demand should be put in simple, quietly spoken words, was an altogether novel experience to him; and it was some little time before he could screw his own courage to the blustering point, and deny the charge with the explosion of expletives, which he deemed necessary to such an occasion.

"Pray don't add lying to dishonesty, my man; that is making bad very much worse; you *have* taken the shilling, and made a little boy very miserable," came the reply to this outburst of denial. "I can see what the boy says is true in both your faces. I don't want to harm you,—I only want to do you good. You'll be a worse man for to-day's work if you don't give him back that shilling."

"I haven't his shilling, and you'd better mind what you're saying, or I'll make you prove your words," answered the chair-caner, still trying though less successfully than at first, *to assume a tone of virtuous indignation.*

"Which is true, my boy or you, can be easily proved, I think, if you will kindly come with me to the house where the shilling was dropped. Will you come? I'm not going to make a police case of it,—I only want back the shilling."

"Come! of course I'll come," answered the man with a swaggering confidence of tone that might have staggered a less shrewd or experienced observer than our friend.

The woman accompanying the chair-caner was his wife, and at this point, in a most excited manner, she put in her word.

"Don't go, Bill," she exclaimed in genuine alarm, and with clenched fist, and in somewhat close quarters, was proceeding to pour out the vials of her wrath upon the pertinacious parson, when she was stopped by an angry and emphatic, "You shut up," from her husband.

"Don't blame your wife for believing in you. She doubtless has good cause," said our friend unaffectedly. "But we had better have it to ourselves—come along;" and the man, apparently nothing daunted, defiantly flung down his bundle of canes at his wife's feet, and at once set out with him: the crowd that had of course gathered around them while they had been speaking, following a little way at their heels. His agreeing to go back had been mere "bounce" upon the chair-caner's part, but the resolute action of Mr. B. convincing him that he was dealing with a man who was not to be "bounced," he once more changed his plan of defence. They had not gone many yards when, suddenly coming to a standstill, he exclaimed—and now there was a touch of genuine feeling in his voice—"Has it come to this, that I am called on to *prove* myself an honest man? I'll not go. I'm a poor man, but I'm honest, as honest as you are. *What should I go for?*"

"It may be so," was the answer: "we all have our weak points. I sin in one way, and, maybe, you sin in another; and we ought never to be ashamed to confess it. It's a cold day. You might be short of money. It's easy to keep your hands off other people's shillings when you have plenty of your own. I assure you I want to do you no harm; I want to prevent you doing yourself harm. If you have really been an honest man till now, and have now suddenly yielded to temptation, that is all the greater reason why *I* should not let you go till you have returned the shilling. Come, now, you must give it back."

"Or else you'll charge me, I suppose?" said the man questioningly.

"Certainly not," answered our friend with an earnestness of repudiation that put the chair-caner "all abroad," as to whatever manner of man he could be that had got hold of him. One who "stuck to him like a leech" for the restoration of misappropriated money, and yet thus threw away his most powerful weapon (for such, according to his idea, was a threat to "charge" him), was to him a startling anomaly. "It's because I believe in you that I talk to you, rather than give the case to the police."

"I would not on any account give you into the hands of the police," went on the parson, seeing that his man was for the moment struck dumb. "You have children to feed, I dare say, as I have, and I would not rob them and your wife of your labour; they need it, I am sure. I am not following you up like this for the sake of the shilling, but for your sake, your character's sake, your soul's sake. I would give you money if I knew you needed it, but to let you go away with a shilling dishonestly come by would not be kind. It would be doing you an irreparable injury. Sin, my man, goes from little to great. If you had got clear with that shilling, you would in all likelihood be tempted at some future time to do something worse. No, my man, you must get back your character as an honest man by giving up that shilling. It's yourself I want to get back, not the shilling." There was an encouraging pause. Then he continued, "You have yielded to temptation, and unless you repent and make restitution you can never think well of yourself again. Come, now, give me back the money; cast it from you as you would a curse." The chair-caner stood confused and silent, but evidently moved and impressed.

To Mr. B. it was clear that he had at length found the good thing in the man. He *felt* it, and, guessing, at the cause of the accused man's still-continued silence and hesitancy, he came to his relief by saying, "Is it that you haven't got the shilling left; that you have spent it, I mean?"

"Yes, sir," he answered, with eyes cast down, and in a voice scarcely above a whisper, "that *is* how I'm held. We have had a drop of rum apiece."

"Well, I can quite believe you there," said Mr. B., "and of course you can't give up what you no longer possess. Still, for your own sake, you must make good the shilling. You say you are an honest man; and I will take your word for it. Will you take mine that I am one too, and let us treat each other as honest men? Here is my card"—handing out a card from his case—"give me yours—you have a card with your business on, I dare-say, and I will trust to your sending me the shilling by post when you have one to spare." This card was handed out, and the exchange duly made. So the offer was accepted, and on this understanding the chair-caner was at length allowed to go on his way, with a "Good day," certainly a sadder, and, as the event proved, a wiser man from his encounter with Mr. B. The card showed the residence of the man to be ten miles away.

When Mr. B. returned home and related his adventure, even "those of his own house" were against him. They "wondered" how he could be so foolish; put it that the proper and obvious and common-sense thing for him to have done was either to have let the shilling go, *or to have given the man into custody*; and "really had no patience with him," when his boy related the exchange of cards. Outsiders—for passers-by stopped at the crowd and heard what was going on and told the story—for the most part laughed the latter idea to scorn when they heard of it; and as day after day passed without bringing him any news of the chair-caner, he was genially bantered about the evident absurdity of his notions that good was to be found in *everybody*, even in a thief, if we could only be wise and patient enough to get at him. But his own sight of the better side of the shilling-stealer's nature, and the success of his appeal to it, was in nowise shaken by the hardness of belief in others. He knew better than most others how long it might take so poor a man to make up even a spare shilling, and making due allowance on this head, he held lovingly, loyally, and hopefully to his own higher view. At length his faith had its reward. After a lapse of *some weeks a letter from the chair-caner* arrived, enclosing a shilling's worth of stamps. With all its imperfections of penmanship and orthography upon its head, we think this letter is one of which any Christian, who had been the means of drawing it forth, might be proud, and we may say for our friend that he is proud of it, numbering it among the more valuable of the honorable trophies of his work. The letter is short, and in its simplicity will best speak for itself:—

"B——.

DEAR SIR,—i Enclose you one shilling worth . of . stamps . and i Humbley beg your Pardon . for What i did. Hoping you Will forgive me . and God . Likewise it Was all through . Drink.

I Remain your Humble Servant,
WILLIAM . D.——

No. 2, L——Terrace, F——
Road, B——."

It was some years after the occurrence of this little adventure that we heard of it, and felt curious to know how it might have affected the mind and actions of the chair-caner. Through the medium of some of the craft resident in our own district we made his acquaintance, and finding that though rather gruff, he was an honest, straightforward, sensible fellow, we ventured to broach the subject of his encounter with Mr. B.

"Ah," he said, "that gentleman did a good day's work that day; if there was more like him in the world there would be less of the kind that I'd have been by this time if he'd a done by me as most would a'done. It was as true as I stand here, that I had never before touched a penny that wasn't my own. The man didn't breathe that could have said a word agen my good name, or my father's afore me; and if I'd have been charged, and my character spoilt, I *shouldn't have cared what* I had done after, and I'd have been certain to have gone to the bad. But you see *he* didn't charge me. Instead of shoving me deeper into the mire, he lifts me out of the ditch, and puts me in the right road again. And what he done for me that day ain't been thrown away on me, though I say it as shouldn't. I've known what it is to be short of bread since then, but never to feel inclined to give way to temptation to be dishonest; and though I *don't make any particular perfession*, thinking over what he said to me has made me more like what I know *he would like me to be* than I should have been. Though I didn't think so at the time, it was a blessed job for me that he overtook me that day. The poison was beginning to work as you may say, for when he come up I was just saying how much easier it was to pick up money the way I'd just been doing than by tramping about looking for work. As the gentleman said, if I had got off with that shilling, there is no saying what it would have led to. However, he did find me, and go where he will there will always be one man that will have good cause to say, God bless him."

THE TURNING-POINT.

A good minister had grown weary over his books and so threw them all aside for a brisk walk in the open air. Nothing rests body and mind like this.

As Dr. B—— was passing the corner of the park, he observed a lad with a valise in his hand, just turning into the street. He paused a moment as if uncertain which course to take. A moment's glance showed to the clergyman that the lad was from the country. Such ruddy cheeks and vigorous muscles did not grow in the shade of a city home. It flashed through the good man's mind, that this boy was leaving his early home as he had done some forty years ago; and in imagination he recalled that parting scene with a feeling of gentle sadness that made him at once feel an interest in the boy before him.

"Please, sir, will you direct me to Le Roy street?" he asked respectfully. The clergyman gave the desired direction, and then added—

"You have come from a home in the country to find a situation in the city, have you, my boy?"

There was something so kindly in the tone that it went at once to the boy's heart. A moment before he had felt so utterly alone!

"My father died a month ago," he said, "and my mother has got a place for me at my cousin's store."

"Well, my boy, I trust you have a good mother; I can usually tell by a boy's looks what kind of a mother he has. Remember all her good counsels, and be especially careful how you spend your Sabbaths. If you begin by going out to walk for your health or pleasure, you will end in the liquor-saloon, and all the haunts of wickedness. Anchor yourself in the Church and the Sabbath-school. Here is the address of mine, if you would like to attend it. Our superintendent loves boys, and so do I. Remember that the way you spend your first Sabbath in the city will very likely be the turning-point of your life. Good-bye, and may God give you His blessing always."

The good man gave his hand heartily to the stranger-lad as he bade him good-bye.

"I'll walk the length of this city through to find that man's church and Sunday-school," said Robbie to himself, as he walked rapidly on, his heart cheered and strengthened by that little act of sympathy.

When the next Sunday came, however, it found him worn down with his unaccustomed ta-ks. A young man in the store, with whom he had formed a pleasant acquaintance, invited him to take a stroll about the city.

"I'll show you some of the sights, and treat you to a dinner of oysters down in a saloon I know of, where they keep open on Sundays."

Robbie felt lonely enough that day. The young man seemed so pleasant and friendly, he was just on the eve of yielding to his temptations "just this once." But then the thought of the good minister's words about this day being a turning-point in his life came back to him just in time. He politely declined the invitation, and found his way to the morning Sabbath-school.

Ever afterward he felt that he had a home in that great city. A kind superintendent, and a warm-hearted teacher, who welcomed him with a cordial grasp of the hand, effectually "anchored" him in the Sunday-school. His career in after-life was useful, honorable, and successful; a very marked contrast with the Sabbath-breaking boys, who ran rapidly down the scale of dissipation until they reached the level of the common drunkard. Sabbath-breaking and liquor-drinking are twin cousins.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

A TWILIGHT TALK.

BY EMILY A. MAY.

Mrs. Alden and her little daughter were sitting together one Sunday evening in the quiet time between daylight and darkness. Mrs. Alden laid aside her book when she could no longer see to read, and Rose was soon in her favorite seat within her mother's arms. To-night the little head nestled close, and the merry, mischievous eyes wore an unusually thoughtful expression. For, only a few days ago, Rose's little playmate, Lettie Parr, had been laughing and romping with her in this very room, and now Lettie is taking her last long sleep in the lonely graveyard, where she and Rose used often to pause, and look in through the barred gates, and spell out the names on the white tombstones. Now Lettie is one of that silent company, her sunny head laid low, her merry voice hushed forever. It was the first time that death had come so near to Rose; and her grief was deep, though she bore it very silently. To-day, in Sunday-school, her teacher spoke of the sad event, and assured her scholars that Lettie was safe in heaven. Rose knew this before, but, somehow, it did not seem to give her much comfort.

"Mamma," said she, "I don't see how Lettie can be happy up in heaven."

"Why, darling?"

"Because, mamma,—But—but—I'm afraid it is wicked to say it, but I cannot help thinking it."

"Say it then, Rose," said mamma.

"I think Lettie will not like streets of gold; she told me once that she loved soft green fields better than hard streets. And then I know she must feel lonely, for she never would stay away all night from her mamma; you know how often I wanted her to stay and sleep with me and she would not; and, you remember, once when I coaxed her she did stay, but she woke in the night and cried because she wanted to see her papa and mamma. And it must be worse in heaven, I'm sure, for she doesn't know any one there; I cannot tell how she helps wanting to be home."

It was a long time before Mrs. Alden answered; she only smoothed Rose's hair caressingly, and her face looked as though her thoughts were far away. When she did speak, her first words banished the little girl's serious thoughts for a time.

"Rose," said she, "do you ever think of the pleasant time you had at Hillsdale last summer?"

"Think of it!" exclaimed Rose, eagerly, "I guess I do think of it; can't I go next summer, mamma dear? Oh, hadn't I a splendid time, though!"

"But I remember, Rose," said Mrs. Alden, "how distressed you were the night before you started. You were sure you would not be happy at Hillsdale, so far from home; if I could only go with you, instead of papa's friend, Mr. Close, whom you scarcely know; and you were afraid you would feel so strange with Aunt Rachel and the cousins whom you had never seen. Indeed, I was greatly troubled for you, and I think I would have kept you at home only for your recent illness, and for the doctor's orders that you should have change of air."

"But then, mamma," said Rose, "Mr. Close was so kind, and there were so many things to see along the road and inside the cars,—for you know I never travelled before; and when Aunt Rachel came out to meet me, and kissed me, and held me to her, and said she was so glad to see me, I felt as if I had known her always; and then, first thing after dinner Cousin Joe and Annie took me fishing, and I caught the first fish, and I had never fished before, and they had, often; and the way we used to roll down the haymow in the barn!" And Rose rambled on about the time Annie's old black hen was lost, and they found her under a bush in the garden, with a stolen nest, full of eggs, till Mrs. Alden interrupted her.

"Rose, how many times did you wish you were home?"

"Oh, not once," said Rose; "I had no time to think about home, only sometimes I thought how much I would have to tell you."

"Dear Rose, can you see how it may be the same with Letty? She has gone to her Father whom she has never seen; but I know he wanted her, and will be glad to see her, for he has loved her intensely all her life. I am sure she will feel at home with him. And then, everything will be so new to her, and so full of interest, that she will have no time to think of her earthly home, unless to rejoice in all the beauties that she will have, not only to tell of, but to show to her dear friends when they join her there."

The shadows deepened, the firelight flickered against the wall, and Rose, thoughtful again, was silent a long while.

"Mamma," she said, at last, "what did Mrs. Parr say about Letty when we went to see her?"

"She said," replied Mrs. Alden, "'Our loss is her gain.'"

"Yes, that is it, 'Our loss is her gain;' I can see how it is now, mamma, a little."—*S. S. Times.*

SEVEN WAYS OF GIVING.

One way is to give something to every cause that is presented, without inquiring into its merits. This is a careless way, but is better than none.

A second way is to give from impulse, as much and as often as love and pity prompt. This is adapted to those who are rich and kind-hearted.

A third way is to save the cost of luxuries, and apply them to purposes of religion and charity. This is for the self-indulgent. With the frugal it is apt to be accompanied by narrowness, asceticism in good works.

A fourth way is to make a special effort to earn money for benevolent objects. This for lazy people.

A fifth way is to lay aside, as an offering to God, a definite portion of our gains—one-tenth, one-fifth, one-third, or one-half. This is adapted to all, but especially to the penurious, economical, the hard working, the extravagant and the poor, whose gifts would be largely increased if it was generally practised.

A sixth way is to give to God and the needy just as much as we spend on ourselves.

A seventh way is to limit our own expenditures to a certain sum, and give away all the rest of our income. This was John Wesley's way.

We should not confine ourselves to one way of giving, but practice and teach our children different modes, each in its proper place as occasion requires.—*Rocky Mountain Advocate.*

"I DON'T MAKE ANY PROFESSION!"

"That's always the way with them folks that pretend to be religious. I never saw any good come of them. I am just as good as they are, and *I* don't make *any* profession." And so saying the shoemaker pulled his thread through the leather with a force which seemed to say, "There's a pill for you to swallow."

"Don't you?" said I.

"No, I don't."

"Excuse me, my friend, but I scarcely credit you. I always thought you believed there was a God."

"Oh, of course,—I'm not a heathen."

"Ah, that's a little bit of profession then! But I suppose you don't believe that the Bible is God's Word?"

"I tell you," said he, "I'm not a heathen. You know well enough that I believe the Bible, and I attend the church and give them money. I am never absent from the sacrament, my children are baptized, and they learn their Bible, and we say our prayers, and——"

"Stop, stop! my friend, you're going too fast for me. I thought you said you made *no* profession?"

"No more I do."

"What! you believe in a God—that's a little profession, you believe the Bible to be *his* Word—that's still more; you say you are never absent from sacrament—that is to say, you sit down at the table spread for those who claim to be his, having their sins pardoned—thus you profess yourself a sinner, and publicly sit among God's people, professing to be on *his* side. My dear friend, what greater profession would you make, than to sit down with Him and remember his death, and then teach your children to pray? No profession! Why, it's a great profession! Sure'y you can't mean that you now wish to deny that loving Saviour, do you?"

"I never thought of it that way," said he, laying down his hammer and resting his head on his hand.

"Many people never think of it," I said; "and they tell me just what you did, or they say 'I live up to my profession.' Oh, my brother I wish *I* could live up to *my* profession, for it *is* a dreadful thing to claim friendship with that loving, pleading Saviour, and then deny Him and become ashamed of Him."

"I see it," said he, "I see it now, and never thought of it. I just sat down at the table because others did, and because I had got to that *time of life*; but it never struck me till just now that this meant professing Christ. Oh, will He ever forgive me my sin?"

"That's what He came to do," I said; "He came to save sinners, and it isn't by making of good works, but by believing in his finished work, that we are saved; and if we believe his word to be true, then 'we are all dead in trespasses and sin'—dead, and therefore cannot work—for a dead man can *do* nothing. He only can give us life, and He gave His life, that we might have saving life; and He gives it freely. My profession is this, and only this, 'I *am a guilty sinner*, but Jesus died for me'; and because He died for me, I now try to please Him, not in order to *be* saved, but because He *has* saved me; and 'the life I now live in the flesh,' I humbly try by his grace to 'live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved *me* and gave Himself for *me*.'"

"And that I'll also do," said the shoemaker, pressing my hand. "if He'll forgive me for making such a false profession. Pray for me."—*The Christian.*

A GENEROUS ACT.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

A curious act of beneficence occurs to me as I let memory recall what it will from the past—an act that surely ought not to pass into oblivion unrecorded. It does not belong to the glory of these latter days, but to the old itinerant life, when a Methodist preacher in the country needed the grace of humility to season some of the crusts of his poverty.

A certain minister was appointed to a parish so poor in this world's goods that, in addition to his regular pastoral duties, he was obliged to teach school for a living.

Into this parish, came a good brother from a neighboring town, where he had been a member of a flourishing Church. He took liberal views of things, and had the broadest kind of charity when devising benevolent schemes. There was no littleness about him. If he had been a millionaire he could not have planned more largely. Instead of this, he was only an overseer in the weaving-room of a small cotton factory.

The pastor's attempts to get an honest living were often the subject of comment, and even those who could see no reason for his struggling through a year in that manner, respected his efforts. His new parishioner was seized with an unbounded admiration for him, and straightway devised a plan to help him. One night when the factory operatives were about leaving their work, he detained the girls under his charge a few minutes.

"See here!" he said. "I have something to tell you. You know how we all like Parson Brooks."

The girls looked as if they were not quite sure of the liking, but waited to hear more.

"I have been thinking that we might all join together and buy him a barrel of flour. A small sum from each of us would do it."

Still the girls were silent, and two or three of the oldest tossed their heads as if they were not to be fooled out of their money so easily.

"You see," he went on, "I would hire Gago's omnibus, and we could all ride up there together and spend the evening and present the barrel of flour ourselves. Of course," he added slily, as he saw the clouds break on the faces nearest him, "of course the parson would stand a little treat. That is the regular thing. What do you say?"

There was no need of further urging. Each one cheerfully contributed her mite, looking upon it as a cheap means of securing a ride and an evening's entertainment.

When the omnibus stopped with its load of merry young people at the parsonage door, the minister and his wife did not at first feel agreeably surprised. They received their guests courteously, but with an inward wonder as to what had brought them hither. None of them had shown any previous interest in their pastor, and very few of them troubled themselves to attend upon his Sunday ministrations. The puzzle was soon explained; for their large-hearted parishioner began directly to recite an elegant speech that he had composed for the occasion. And when, at last, it came out that a barrel of flour, the gift of the present company, was to be sent up from the village store early the next morning, the minister's wife brightened all over. That desire, which is inherent in all Yankees, to make a suitable return for favors received, took possession of her, and while her husband did his best to get off a complimentary speech of thanks, she bestirred herself to spread a little feast for their visitors.

It was only a fortnight after Thanksgiving. Like other New England housekeepers, she had provided various unusual dainties to grace the beloved festival, and, unlike many of them, she was trying hard to keep a part of these delicacies to set on an otherwise scanty Christmas table; for she could not see clearly where any more would come from after these were eaten. But now, with a barrel of flour to fall back upon, she was rich indeed, and cheerfully brought out all her little store.

Girls who live in factory boarding-houses invariably have good appetites, and these girls were no exception to the rule. Like the Western locusts, they ate all before them. There was not food enough left in the house for the morrow's breakfast.

What a good time those girls had! The minister and his wife exerted themselves to make the evening pass pleasantly, and were both thoroughly wearied when their guests departed.

"I wish there had been just one pie left," said the wife, as she looked into the empty pantry.

"Never mind. A whole barrel of flour will be particularly welcome just now."

Alas! Truth obliges me to record that the barrel of flour failed, after all, to "put in an appearance." What became of it was never known. The village storekeeper was interviewed, but he had heard nothing about it. Now, after the lapse of thirty years, its fate will never be ascertained. Only the remembrance of a generous act remains.—*Zion's Herald.*

APPLYING THE SERMON.

Mr. Nott, a missionary to one of the Islands in the Pacific Ocean, preached a sermon one day on the words, "Let him that stole steal no more." In the sermon he said that it was a duty to return things that had formerly been stolen.

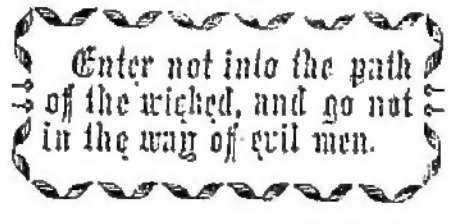
The next morning when he opened his door, he saw a number of natives sitting on the ground around the house. He was surprised to see them there so early, and asked why they had come. "We have not been able to sleep all night," they said. "We were at the chapel yesterday, and heard you say, from the Word of God, that Jehovah commanded us not to steal; whereas we used to worship a god who we thought would protect thieves. We have stolen, and all these things we have brought with us are stolen goods." Then one of the men held up a saw, saying, "I stole this from the carpenters of such and such a ship." Others held up knives and various tools.

"Why have you brought them to *me?*" asked Mr. Nott. "Take them home, and wait till the ships from which you stole them come again, and then return them, with a present besides." Still the people begged Mr. Nott to keep the things until they could find the owners. One man who had stolen from a missionary, then being on another island, took a voyage of seventy miles, to restore the goods.

That is the only way to improve by preaching—doing what it says. How many people form good resolutions when they hear a sermon which touches the heart and conscience; but how few such resolutions are *set to action!*

"Be ye doers of the Word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves."—*Good News.*

TRUST A BOY.—During the session of the late Episcopal Convention in Boston, the Bishop of Louisiana, in crossing the Common, met a boy whose face he fancied, and, calling to him, asked if he had anything to do just then, to which he said no. "Are you a good boy?" The little fellow scratched his head and replied: "I am not a very good boy. I cuss a little sometimes." That candid answer inspired the Bishop with confidence, and he then said, after giving his name and address: "I want you to go to a certain place and get a bundle for me, and bring it to my hotel. There will be a charge of $8; here is the money to pay it, and half a dollar which you will keep for doing the errand." On his return to the hotel, the Bishop's friends laughed at him for his credulity, telling him that he would never see the boy or the bundle or the money again, but in half an hour the young chap returned, bringing the bundle and a receipted bill for $8.50, the Bishop having made a slight mistake as to the amount that was due. "How did you manage to pay the extra half dollar?" he enquired. "I took the money you gave me for the job. I knew that you would make it all right." And "all right" it was made, and I have no doubt that the confidence that was reposed in that boy, because of his truthfulness, will do him good as long as he lives.—*Bishop Clark, in New York Ledger.*



PROV. 4: 14.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1877, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

LESSON IX.

MARCH 3.

AHAZ'S PERSISTENT WICKEDNESS. [About 740-720 B. C.].

READ 2 Chron. 28: 19-27. RECITE vs. 22-24.

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—2 Chron. 28: 19-27. *T.*—Ex. 32: 25-35. *W.*—2 Kings 16. *Th.*—Jer. 44: 18-27. *F.*—1 Kings 16: 25-33. *Sa.*—Acts 17: 16-31. *S.*—Ps. 115: 1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.—And in the time of his distress did he trespass yet more against the Lord: this is that king Ahaz.—2 Chron. 28: 22.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Evil men in distress wax worse and worse.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—Jotham reigned well sixteen years, but the people were wicked; after him his son Ahaz also reigned sixteen years. [During this time *Pekah was king of Israel* for twenty years, and for nine years Israel had no king.]

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Learn to do right, whatever others may do. Jotham, the father of Ahaz, obeyed God, though the people were wicked; but Ahaz followed the people in wickedness, and not his father in serving God.

NOTES.—*Al'-haz*, son of Jotham; made king at twenty; reigned sixteen years (742-726 B. C.); was ungodly; attacked by Syria and Israel, by the Edomites and Philistines; sought help of Assyria; became a noted idolator, *Til'-gath-pil-ne'ser*, the same as Tig'-lath-pi-le'-ser, 2 Kings 16: 7; king of Assyria; a great warrior; attacked Samaria, 2 Kings 15: 29; captured Damascus, 2 Kings 16: 9; warred with Babylonia, Armenia, Media, and Mesopotamia. Tablets bearing his name have been found in the ruins of Assyria. *As-syr'-i-a*, a great empire on the Euphrates, founded by Asshur, Gen. 10: 10; was 450 miles from north to south, 300 miles east and west, capital was Nineveh; conquered by Babylon 600 B. C.; *gods of Damascus*, the chief Syrian gods were Hadad and Rimmon. 2 Kings 5: 18.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) AHAZ IN DISTRESS. (II.) AHAZ MORE WICKED.

I. AHAZ IN DISTRESS. (19.) BROUGHT JUDAH LOW, by successive defeats, vs. 16-18; MADE JUDAH NAKED, or "find revolted in Judah" (*Lange*); or "had acted wantonly."—(*Keil*) (20.) TILGATH-PILNESER, see Notes; DISTRESSED HIM, by requiring large sums of money (see picture); STRENGTHENED HIM NOT, but rather strengthened Assyria. See v. 21.

1. QUESTIONS.—State the title of the last lesson. Who was king after Uzziah? For how long? Who was the next king? For how long? How was Israel governed during the time of these kings? What was the character of Ahaz? Into whose hands was he delivered for his sins? v. 5 Whose aid did Ahaz seek? v. 16. Against whom? vs. 17, 18. What was the condition of Judah? What king came to Ahaz? With what result? v. 20. How did Ahaz reward him? v. 21.

II. AHAZ MORE WICKED. (22.) TRESPASS YET MORE, Ahaz sinned against, rather than sought, the Lord, Ps. 50: 15-22. (23.) GODS OF DAMASCUS WHICH SMOTE HIM, or which he imagined smote him: SACRIFICED TO THEM, 2 Kings 16: 10-15: RUIN OF HIS, Jer. 44: 21, 22. (24.) MADE HIM ALTARS, 2 Kings 16: 10. (25.) SEVERAL CITY, separate city; HIGH PLACES, thus did Jeroboam. 2 Kings 17: 32. (26.) BOOK OF THE KINGS, 2 Kings 16; 20 (27.) NOT INTO THE SEPULCHRES . . . ISRAEL, sepulchres of David, or "Israel before the division. Ahaz was not buried in the royal tombs. Prov. 10: 7.

II. QUESTIONS.—What was the effect of "distress" upon Ahaz? To what did he sacrifice? What did he think the gods had done to him? Had they smitten him? Why could they help or hurt no one? In what sense were they the "ruin of him"? And "of all Israel"? What does the prophet Jeremiah say of this? Jer. 44. 21, 22. What three things did he do to destroy true worship? What did he build in Jerusalem to promote idolatry? What in the several cities of Judah? How did he worship other gods? v. 25. Where are the rest of his acts written? Where was he buried? Why not among the kings? Who became king in his place?

What facts in this lesson teach us—

(1.) That sin brings sorrow?

(2.) That the wicked will not help us in distress?

(3.) That forsaking God may be our ruin?

JEWS PAYING TRIBUTE TO THE ASSYRIANS.

[From the Black Obelisk of Nineveh.]

BLACKBOARD OUTLINE.

WICKED AHAZ'S

SINS. SERVED { Baal, Adrabs, Moloch, Gods of Damascus. } TRUCK out God's worship.

SORROWS. SMITTEN { by Syria, by Edom, by Philistia. } TRIPPED by Assyria. SMITTEN of God.

LESSON X.

MARCH 10.]

HEZEKIAH'S GOOD REIGN. [About 726 B. C.]

READ 2 Chron. 29: 1-11. RECITE vs. 3-6.

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—2 Chron. 29: 1-11. *T.*—2 Kings 18: 1-12. *W.*—Ezek. 8: 7-18. *Th.*—Jer. 25: 9-18. *F.*—Num. 8: 5-19. *Sa.*—Jer. 11: 1-16. *S.*—Psalm 84: 20-52.

GOLDEN TEXT.—And in every work that he began . . . he did it with all his heart, and prospered.—2 Chron. 31: 21.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Judgments upon parents should warn children.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—*After Ahaz, his son Hezekiah* became king at the age of twenty-five, and reigned twenty-nine years (726-698 B. C.). [During his reign Hoshea was king of Israel for nine years, to 721 B. C., when its capital, Samaria, was taken, the kingdom of Israel destroyed, and its people carried into captivity by the Assyrians.]

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Peace and prosperity are the gifts of God; therefore, especially in adversity, the first work should be to seek the Lord.

NOTES.—*Hez-e-ki'-ah*, the most pious king of Judah, 2 Kings 18: 5; repaired the temple; restored the worship of God; destroyed the brazen serpent, 2 Kings 18: 4; held a solemn passover; had fifteen years added to his life. Is. 38; 2 Kings 20; was attacked by Sennacherib; delivered by the Lord, whose angel destroyed 185,000 Assyrians in a night. Is. 36, 37; 2 Kings 18, 19; 2 Chron. 32. *A-bi'-jah*, or *A'-bi* (2 Kings 18: 2), mother of Hezekiah, and daughter of *Zech-a-ri'-ah*, a noted prophet in the days of King Uzziah, 2 Chron. 26: 5, called also Zachariah, 2 Kings 18: 2, possibly the one referred to in Is. 8: 2; he is to be distinguished from the writer of the book Zechariah, who lived 200 years later, in the time of Darius Hystaspes.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) A REVIVAL OF TRUE WORSHIP. (II.) THE SINS OF THE FATHERS.

A REVIVAL OF TRUE WORSHIP. (1.) HEZEKIAH . . . ABIJAH . . . ZECHARIAH, see Notes. (2) DAVID HIS FATHER, so called because David was the father of this line of kings. (3.) FIRST YEAR . . . FIRST MONTH, he began his reign right by opening the house of the Lord which had been closed by his father, see ch. 28: 24; REPAIRED THEM, overlaid them with gold. See 2 Kings 18: 6. (4.) BROUGHT IN THE PRIESTS, doubtless some priests had remained faithful during the wicked reign of his father; THE EAST STREET, or court of the priests, which fronted the eastern gate of the temple. (5.) SANCTIFY YOURSELVES, Ex. 19: 10; CARRY FORTH THE FILTHINESS, cleanse it of the dirt and foulness caused by being so long shut up. Ez. 8: 7-10.

I. QUESTIONS.—What king preceded Hezekiah? What was his character? Who preceded Ahaz? What was his character? Character of the people during Jotham's reign? 2 Chron. 27; 2. Give the title of this lesson. State the chief events in Hezekiah's reign. What happened to Israel in his reign? What is said of Hezekiah's character? 2 Kings 18: 5. What did he do at the beginning of his reign? Whom did he gather? Where? What were they to do for themselves? What for the temple? What were they to carry out of the temple?

II. THE SINS OF THE FATHERS. (6.) HAVE TRESPASSED, sinned; forsaken him, 2 Chron. 28: 24; HABITATION OF THE LORD, the temple; TURNED THEIR BACKS, or "given the neck." See Neh. 9: 29. (7.) PUT OUT THE LAMPS, these were to be kept burning always in the temple. Lev. 24: 2-4. (8.) WHEREFORE, because of these sins; HE HATH DELIVERED THEM TO TROUBLE, Hezekiah probably refers to their defeat by Pekah, when 120,000 were slain and 200,000 made prisoners. 2 Chron. 28: 6-8. (10.) MAKE A COVENANT, renew a covenant, as Asa did. 2 Chron. 15: 12.

II. QUESTIONS.—How had the fathers sinned? From what had they turned away? What had they shut up? What put out? What not burned? What not offered? What did this neglect bring upon them? To what great defeat does the king probably refer? How does he describe it? vs. 8, 9. What had the king decided to do? What would be the effect of this new covenant? What former king had made a similar covenant?

What facts in this lesson teach us—

(1.) Not to sin because our fathers do?

(2.) To be warned by God's judgments upon those who have lived before us?

(3.) That we should see God's sanctuary properly taken care of?

(4.) That we should support the worship of God?

ILLUSTRATION.—There are three accounts of Hezekiah's reign—(1) in Kings, (2) in Chronicles, (3) in Isaiah. The writer in Kings relates quite fully the warlike events of the reign, as the two invasions of Sennacherib, and barely mentions the reformation. In Chronicles the religious revival is fully recorded, and the other events lightly noticed. In Isaiah the deliverance from Assyria, the deliverance from death and adding of fifteen years to Hezekiah's life, and the mission from Babylon only are mentioned as connected with important prophecies.

BLACKBOARD OUTLINE. No. 1.

SINS.	BROUGHT	JUDGMENTS:
Forsaking the Temple		Wrath of God,
Closing the Temple		Trouble,
Putting out its Lamps		Hissing of Nations,
No Offerings in Temple,		Deaths by Sword,
Serving Idols,		Captivity.

No. 2.

OPEN TEMPLE,	Brought	FAVOR OF GOD,
HOLY TEMPLE,		GREAT JOY,
HOLY MINISTERS,		GREAT BLESSINGS,
HOLY WORSHIP,		2 Chron. 31: 10.

EPPS'S COCOA—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately-flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*—Sold only in Packets labelled—"JAMES EPPS & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London, Eng.

CAMPAIGN NOTES.

How many pairs of skates, barometers and other presents, do our friends think, have been sent away from the WITNESS and MESSENGER office this year to their workers? Not a small number by any means. Of the skates 229 pairs were sent away; there were also 56 barometers, 2 Mackinnon pens, 22 albums, 270 chromos of Earl and Lady Dufferin, 4 magic lanterns, 9 lockets, 7 stone rings, 70 keepers, and several miscellaneous prizes as spy glasses, not on the list, but which were preferred by those who won them. The price of these at retail would amount to $1,218, not a very small sum to dispense in this manner. There has been one very great satisfaction in these prizes, which is that with less than half a dozen exceptions, to the best of our information, every recipient of them has been more than satisfied. The following are some of the last letters received concerning them:—

GORE, Feb. 6th, 1878.

I received the ring on the 4th. I need not say I was highly pleased with the present. My schoolmates expressed a wish they had one like it, and when I look on it my thoughts shall wander with gratification to the editor of the "old WITNESS." I. C.

CEDAR GROVE, Feb. 5th, 1878.

Your prize ring came this morning, and I was indeed surprised when I opened the case, to find such a beautiful gem. It is far beyond my anticipation both in size and appearance. You will please accept thanks for the valuable gift. C. B. A.

WINGHAM, Jan. 30th, 1878.

The skates have come to hand all right. They are all that could be desired and have been admired by every person who has seen them. R. O.

OXFORD CENTRE, Jan. 26th, 1878.

Have received those pictures all right, and are well pleased with them. S. E. A.

NASSAGWEYA, Jan. 25th, 1878.

I reviewed the album you sent me all right, for which, accept my thanks. It is quite a handsome present. W. S.

KINGARDINE, Feb. 4th, 1878.

I received as my premium, Lady Dufferin's chromo, for which accept my hearty thanks. J. M. J.

TORONTO, Feb. 5th, 1878.

Many thanks for the chromo of Lady Dufferin, it is very nice. A. P.

The prizes are as follows:

Any person sending in one new subscriber to the WEEKLY WITNESS, at $1.10 or four new subscribers to the MESSENGER, at 30c each (and stating that it is for a picture), will receive a chromo of Earl Dufferin, or the Countess of Dufferin, as may be preferred, size 11 x 14 inches.

Anyone sending in two new subscribers to the WEEKLY WITNESS, or eight for the NORTHERN MESSENGER, or one new subscriber to the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, at $2 (and stating they are working for the pictures), will receive the pair of chromos, which will make very nice ornaments.

A GOLD LOCKET

will be given to any person who sends in $6 in new subscriptions to the WITNESS publication.

A GENUINE SILVER HUNTING-CASE

WALTHAM WATCH, Plain-Jewelled,

and commonly retailed at $20 A good time-keeper

One of these very popular Watches will be sent to every person sending in $60 in new subscriptions to the WITNESS PUBLICATIONS.

FOR GIRLS ONLY.

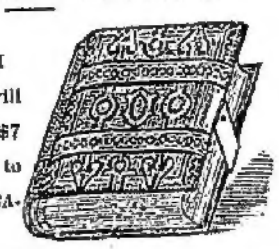
GOLD AND JEWELLED RINGS.

This is a present exclusively for girls (little or grown-up), and for those who intend to present the prize to their lady friends. The Gold Keeper shown in the centre of the engraving retails at $2, and will be mailed to anyone sending us $5 in new subscriptions to the WITNESS PUBLICATIONS. The Gold Ring with eight pearls and five stones retails at $4; it will be mailed to anyone who sends $10 in new subscriptions to the WITNESS PUBLICATIONS. The Gold Ring with three pearls and six stones retails at $5; it will be mailed to anyone sending $13 in new subscriptions to the WITNESS PUBLICATIONS. If the competitors prefer they can obtain rings of greater value on equally advantageous terms. For example, if they send $50 in new subscriptions, they would receive by return mail a ring which they would have to pay $20 for at any retail store; and such a ring would be a pretty good one. A lady in sending for any of these rings should send a piece of paper or thread the size of her finger, so that one to fit may be obtained.

A Handsome

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM

which retails at $2.25, will be mailed to all who send $7 in new subscriptions to the WITNESS PUBLICATIONS.



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GENERAL DIRECTIONS.

DO NOT FORGET THEM!

Every letter must be marked "In competition," or otherwise express the intention to compete for one or more of these prizes.

No names are entered on our subscription lists unless the money accompanies the order.

You can obtain sample copies, directions for working and any other information at any time by writing to

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
WITNESS OFFICE, MONTREAL.

GOOD HEALTH AND AN EVEN TEMPER ARE two of the best accomplishments young ladies can have, and these are necessary adjuncts to a beautiful face. The marks of a peevish disposition are not long in stamping themselves on any face, naturally the most beautiful. But who can help feeling peevish when ill-health comes? Very few, indeed, more especially when it is entirely unnecessary. A bad cold, if obtained in carrying words of comfort to a sick friend, is endurable; but it is difficult to enjoy one taken through an act of bravado. Just so when young ladies become invalids through obeying the dictates of that fashion which says: "Put on corsets and lace them as tightly as possible," and others of a similar kind, they find that everything has been lost and nothing found. With the growth of the knowledge of the human system, fashion will begin to obey sanitary laws. The publishers of DRESS AND HEALTH have done much to direct public attention in this matter. This little book has met with a cordial reception in England, Ireland and Scotland, as well as in Canada, and the sixth thousand is now ready for sale. For 30 cents each copies will be sent post free to any address in America.

VENNOR'S ALMANAC (for 1878) will be sent to every one who sends us three new subscribers to the NORTHERN MESSENGER.

THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY is a well-edited, high-toned magazine, and is sold at the low price of $2.00 a year. John Dougall & Son, publishers, Montreal. Take it.—*Spirit of the Age.* Woodstock C.

VENNOR'S WINTER ALMANAC *for* 1878 *is a* most unique as well as valuable publication. Its author relies upon scientific data rather than guesswork, and upon these data he gives the probabilities and tells us to what extent we may rely upon them. Mr. Vennor's predictions have been remarkably accurate in the past, and will, doubtless, be even more correct in the future."—*Woodstock Times.*

THIS MAGAZINE (THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY) is rapidly growing in favor with the public. Its articles are well written, and their tone such as to make *the Monthly* a welcome visitor in the family circle.—*The News, L'Original.*

MR. VENNOR in his weather prognostications is seldom far astray, consequently his Almanac should find a place in every household. The price is 20 cents, and it is well worth the money—especially to those who wish to find fault at the weather, as they can sit down and in half an hour growl at the weather for the whole year, thus saving time and breath—a great consideration. Mr. Vennor bases his predictions on scientific facts, and the present almanac gives data that will enable anyone to become a *first-class weather prophet on short notice and at reasonable terms.—Prescott Telegraph.*

THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY is a 128-page magazine, is well illustrated, and is sold at 20c. a number by all booksellers. Dawson Brothers, Trade Agents

VENNOR'S ALMANAC AND WEATHER RECORD FOR 1878.—This is the book annually published by the Montreal gentleman who has now come to be generally acknowledged as an authority upon the subject of the weather. It is full of interesting notes of the past and some speculations as to the possible weather of 1878. The little book is well worth possessing.—*Toronto Leader.*